- Brian Edwards

2025

1.

Through
a window
into the haze
I gaze
across a field
of tall grass
the essence
of memory
like dew drops
on each blade
of tall grass
swaying
in a breeze
as everything
is swayed
by the currents
of time
through
a window
I look out
upon a field
in the haze
there are
many truths
many realizations
to be discovered
off in the distance
I hear ....faintly
someone singing
a song of time
long ago

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-11/8/2025

2.

Know then
that we are all
bound to
the imagined flame
it is light
it is promise
it is
believing again
in a destiny
that is
waiting for us
it doesn't come easy
when the streets
of the night
seem indifferent
I know
I know
it isn't easy
as weeds
are sprouting up
through cracks
in the sidewalks
as a muse
just sits up there
on a billboard
too weary
to give you
any inspiration
today
and I know
it isn't easy
to believe anymore
yet the
imagined flame
is out there
somewhere
you are bound
to it
and it is
bound to you

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- 11/9/2025

3.

At night
on occasion
little
brief
memories
fall down
upon me
like cold rain
the flesh feels it
the mind feels it
the soul feels it
these little
brief memories
are like thorns
in a rose garden
upon that
mist shrouded
isle of Medusa
she turned me
to stone
a long time ago
yet here I am
still working
the nine to five
still paying
taxes to
the bureaucracy
as the cold rain
of memory
falls down
upon my
stoney flesh
I who have
looked that
fearsome Gorgon
in the eyes
and survived
to keep paying
my federal
income tax

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- 11/9/2025

4.

Now I know
it's a strange
reality
how wondrous
phenomenon
do stir here
in the currents
of the wind
I raise my eyes
to the clouds
how I see them
how I can
see them now
the Valkyries
that have
always been there
as false idols
rise and fall
as the cold streets
collect
our dreams
our memories
our tears
down through
the years
I see it all
much clearer now
the hourglass
upon a desert rock
the old
rusted weathervane
that points
towards
an unknown future

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- 11/9/2025

5.

Where did
the affection
for so many
things go ?
frozen
over and
over again
by cold winters
by the coldness
of the system
that counts
what money
you owe
even while you
sleep
you once
followed a star
on the horizon
yet you
could never
reach it
later you asked
if you knew that
all along
in that answer
you first felt
the coldness
of fate

***

- 11/9/2025

6.

There's
a ringing
in my left ear
a typical
affliction
for me
tranquility
will not be
tolerated
for long
with this one
so decreed
the ancient
harpies
of the wind
in the sky over
my humble home
in the suburbs

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- 11/9/2025

7.

Bless me with
a thousand
new thoughts
as green
summer leaves
change color
touched by
the breath
of Autumn
bless me
with a sleep
that is comparable
to the peace
of the Moon
bless me
with the incense
of a ceremony
most ancient
and hopeful
and soon
the Autumn leaves
will be
swept about
by winter winds
in the
early darkness

***

- 11/9/2025

8.

So here we are
in a day
when so much
feels false
when so much
feels thrown
together
without that
passionate fire
when so much feels
like its
running on fumes
the strong
are now weary
the once honest
are now weary
the once brilliant
are now weary
when the old
philosopher's
torchlight
is no longer there
to guide us
forward
it is a time
when things seem
to be revolving
around a chasm
when so many
of us
are left wondering
when will
the sacred night
we once loved
return to us
with all of its stars

***

- 11/10/2025

9.

Today
at the office
tarantulas
started crawling
all over the walls
the clocks
turned into
mesmerizing cobras
my computer screen
became
a wishing well
that was empty
and I tried
to understand
but only briefly
what did
it really matter
in truth
it didn't
that little taste
of freedom
wouldn't roll around
until five o'clock
anyway
so let the doors
become
komodo dragons
and my desk
become
a tundra
in Siberia
what did it matter

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- 11/11/2025

10.

I awake
each morning
to be thrown
into the maelstrom
the routine
of the thorns
the cup of hemlock
that really
isn't there
each day
the maelstrom
spits out
its crows
in my direction
each day
the maelstrom
demands obedience
each day
the maelstrom reaches
for the hydrogen
of the Sun
each day
the maelstrom
defeats
a minotaur
in single combat
each day
the maelstrom
seems to be
in alliance
with the oligarchs
each day
the crimson orchids
seem to multiply

***

- 11/11/2025

11.

I know that I
won't be
believing
in destiny
for much longer
I can't help it
I became
too disillusioned
in all the vast
feudalism
of electricity
I stopped
feeding the fish
which were
actually oil tankers
and even though
I've heard
the sweet clarinet
of the Moon
I feel
frozen in time
stuck in a place
of commodified
anti-dharma
I saw the wind
this time
I did not
feel it
words mean nothing
in this matter
and all
explanation
of it
is all just
atomic dust
by now

***

- 11/11/2025

12.

You steal
the dances
from us
don't you
you steal
the dances
and the dreams
from us don't you
you touch
the prism
of imploded star
don't you
you dance along
the AM radio dial
and see
the streetlights
as fountains
of illuminated jazz
don't you
you amplify
the echoes
of the
ancient mystics
don't you
you steal
the dance from us
we know
you steal
the dance from us
we believe
that you will always
steal the dance
from us
we believe you
will be you
until the last horns
are heard
at the very end

***

- 11/11/2025

13.

Some of us
eventually drift away
from concerning
ourselves
with many things
like tossing
the spare change
in our pockets
off a bridge
into a river
one by one
we rid ourselves
of concerns
which need not
be concerns
sometimes
when we believe
that we are
looking at something
grandiose
it occurs to us
that we are
mistaken
that we know
very little
about the void
of the soul
yet we realize
that we are
about to
pass through
its gates
for as the Sun
rises
so does it set
and yield
its scepter
to the night

***

- 11/12/2025

14.

Give us a wind
that fills the sky
with jazz
from the temples
of the new
commodities
may jazz
be heard
rising from
the abyss
of confusing days
may jazz
be heard
may jazz
become the wind
from this time
forth
may we never
become
a lost place
without music
may jazz
be heard
across the galaxy
may jazz
be heard
deep within forest
high upon
mountains
may it glow
like Moonlight
upon the sea

***

- 11/12/2025

15.

The place
and the hour
are unknown
to us
yet the shadow
will appear
before our eyes
eventually
it is fate
and fate is like
the glare
of a noonday Sun
upon the ocean
it is perceived
by the senses
with a piercing
clarity
the clarity itself
is a window
into time
and cosmic distance
I want to believe
I want to feel
I want to sing
clarity may become
the instrument
of such expressions
now my eyes
do follow
the chariot
of Apollo
ablaze
across the sky

***

- 11/12/2025

16.

Lets get moving
for we were
never meant
to stay in
the same place
we were never like
the tall trees
with roots
deep in the ground
though that
we were
a blessing
to cherish
though we were
never like
the tall trees
with roots
deep in the ground
for centuries
though that
it was so
yet it isn't so
and so
we must go
we must move on
we must find
a place
where we may
yet again
possess
some measure
of time
in this world
with roots
in the soil
not so very deep
as the winds
will scatter us
once more
eventually

***

- 11/13/2025

So this day
we laugh
into the wind
it is laughter
of madness
it is the laughter
of being damaged
broken
pierced by
the thorns
of the world
it is the laughter
of being lost
in the absurdity
it is the laughter
sometimes heard
at the end
of the road
it is the laughter
sometimes heard
when there is
no meaning
no purpose
no redemption
to be had
and so this day
we laugh
we.... the many
we laugh into
the cold winds
we laugh
and we know
we always know
that our laughter
of madness
shall echo
from one generation
to the next
on and on
upon the stage
that is life
in this world

*** - 11/13/2025

18.

So it is
I drift
towards the fangs
of a cold day
a day
of a bitter wind
when the candles
have gone out
so it is
and the whispers
there are whispers
and they tell me
of illumination
and serenity
that is light
beyond the horizon
so it is
some distance
that remains
so it is
a cold wind
that scatters
memories
as it was always
as tomorrow
will drift away
towards
an isle
of solitude
where I will
dissolve
into the glare
of starlight
upon the ocean

***

- 11/13/2025

19.

I take
a measure
of the wind
and put it
in my pocket
as I walk down
an avenue
of the world
I take a measure
of the blue sky
and a measure
of the
drifting clouds
I put them
in my pocket
as I walk
an avenue
of the world
and what they
perceive that I
should be
in this moment
in time
is like an echo
that fades
from my ears
I shall be
completely
enraptured
at this moment
by a vision
a Sunrise
in tomorrow's sky
as I move on
down an avenue
of this world

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- 11/13/2025